WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF SHAKESPEARE

Between these covers a fair country lies, Which, though much traversed, always seemeth new :

For mountain peaks of Thought reach to the blue. While placid meadows please less daring eyes. Beep glens and ivied walls where daylight dies. Tell of Romance, and lovers brush the dew. By mooulit stream and lake, while never few. Are the rich bursts of Song that shake the skies.

This country's king holds never-ending court;
To him there come from all his wide domain
Minstrels of Love and spangled imps of Sport,
And messengers of Fancy, Joy and Pain.
Of man and nature he has full report;
He made his kingdom, none dispute his reign.
CHARLES HENRY CRANDALL.

A DANGEROUS CROSSING.

It was a cold, raw afternoon, between 4 and 5 o'clock, toward the end of November. A fog was creeping up from the city, and a drizzling, electy rain, falling at intervals, made walking not only odious, but at times positively dangerous; especially where, in the rapidly advancing darkness and murky atmosphere, crossings

had to be encountered.

It was an afternoon to cause the most rabid pleaure seeker to remain at home; or, if a man, to send him as rapidly at hansom could travel to the selfish luxury of his citib. And yet, on such an afternoon, Myra Graham, a young girl of medest and dignified appearance, was to be seen shivering at Hyde Park Corner, watch, by with a previous anxious face, a secure concerning.

ham, a young girl of modest and dignified appearance, was to be seen shivering at Hyde Park Corner, watching with a nerves, anxious face, a secure opportunity to get eafely across to Grosvenor Place. She had on a long waterproof, which scarcely cor cealed her graceful figure. On her arm was a backet, and with her discussed hand she strove to shelter herself from the hitter wind with ner umbrella.

The girl was marvellously pretty. The cold had certainly reddened the tip of her little nose, but if had also intensified the color on her checks, thereby adding brilliancy to her beautiful hazel eyes. She had thrown back her veil to enable her to see better through the fog and gloom, thus allowing the passers-by to observe her levely face; but all were too much engaged in their efforts to get out of the fog to pay her any attention.

The early training of misfortune and poverty had combined to make Myra independent and self-reliant. Alore and fearless she walked from one end of London to the other, her vocation obliging her to do so. But oh, these crossings! no length of time or habit could overcome the nervous tremors with which they inspired her. She had now been standing for at least ten minutes unable to make up her mind to move. What this particular crossing cost her, not only in positive terror, but in money, and what represented money to her, time, was only known to herself. On this evening, notwithstanding the wretched weather, she had made a sciemn vow to take neither oab nor omnibus; the small sum thus saved was to be devoted to a better purpose.

Poor girl! hers was indeed an act of self-denial. Sometimes the policeman helped her over her difficulties, but in value she looked round this afternoon; he was not to be seen. There was an unusual throng of vehicles of all sorts passing and vepassing, for it was

was not to be seen. There was an unusual throng of vehicles of all sorts passing and repassing, for it was Lord Mayor's Day, and this had increased both the traffic and Myra's terrors. Two or three times already she had made a bound forward, and then a hasty retreat back, as a threatening pole seemed bent on spit

treat back, as a threatening pole seemed bent on spit-ting her.

The lamp post, which marks who ce Piccadilly ends and Knightsbridge commences, was now lit, and seemed to give her a smile of encouragement. She always re-garded it as an oasis in the desert of her difficulties, and longed now to find herself beneath its friendly shelter. In mournful soliloguy sne whispered: 'Oh, Myra, how silly you are!' You can't stand shivering here all night.' And once more she craned her grace-ful neck and peered through the rapidly increasing darkness. Ah, there he is ? she exclaimed joyfully, and almost

tanulibly. 'Now for it.'

She lifted up her long waterproof, put down her unbrells, gave one hasty and terrified glance to the right and left, and then sil but sprang across. So rapid and impetuous were her movements, that she not only lauded safely under the lamp-post, but futo the arms of

imperious were her movements, that she not only landed safely under the lamp-post, but into the arms of a tall and aristocratic young man—no less a person than Lord Wargrave. Staggering back from the collision, he exclaimed:

'Hulloa! young lady, pray restrain your ardor!'

'Oh! I beg your pardon,' she answered meekly panting for breath. 'I took you for the policeman.' At which strange reply he burst out laughing.

'May I ask why you favor the police so particularly?' he inquired good humoredly. The darkness had as yet prevented him from seeing her face, but turning toward the full glare of the lump, his gaze fell upon it. He started at the beauty it revealed. She fixed her large cres gravely upon him, and answered with quiet dignity:

'I am terribly affaid of all crossings, but especially of this one, and in this fog; and semetimes the policeman helps me over.' Then more to herself than to him, she added nerrously: 'I wonder where he is to night!' Her voice was low and sweet; the voice of a lady. The instant Lord Wargrave heard it he recognized her so ne, and felt she might doem any offer of aid an impertinence. But her distress was so unmatetakable, and the was so wonderfully pretty, he thought he would hazard it. 'In his absence will you allow me to supply his place' he said, with some hesitation, and held out his arm.

Myra was on the notut of refusing; but it was late.

Myra was on the point of refusing; but it was late, and this, combined with her fears, overcame her usual reticent prudence. This young man's manner was so respectfully kind, he could mean her no harm. She gazed up at him with a timid glance that rouched him deeply, so young and innocent did she look, and so unprotected. He gave her an encouraging smile which decided her, and laying her hand lightly on his outstretched arm, she replied in a low voice:

"Will you be so very good?"

Will you be so very good F Another moment and they were launch

*Will you be so very good F Another moment and they were launched through the sea of lurid obscurity before them. She clung with such tenacity to his protecting arm, that he had almost to drag her across. Her fears were very real, was his thought, as he deposited her in safety at the corner of Grosvenor Place, where, lifting his hat, he bid har good-evening. Thanking him, she hurried away. Now that the danger was over she felt ashamed of her covardice, and annoyed that it had impelled ner to accept the aid of a stranger. He watched her retreating figure for a moment, thuking how sad it was that one so young and lovely should be out alone on such a night. 'Farey Flo in a similar position,' he mentally giaculated, as he slowly retraced his steps.

Arriving again at the lamp post, some sudden change came over the spirit of his mind, for he quickly recrossed, and followed Myra with rapid steps, muttering to himself: 'Poor girl' she may get into another difficulty in this confounded tog!'

Had Myra been middle-aged and plain, it is doubtful whether Lord Wargrave's philanthropy would have carried him out of his way in such weather. Be this neit may, he had certainly decided in his own mind that it would be unworthy of a Christian to allow this young girl to face the further perfis of the fog alone; he might be of use to her. And then what innocent appealing eyes she had! It would do him good to look into them again.

again.

ag, he soon overtook her, but, unfortunately.

coise he might have framed in his own mind for hig the young girl most provokingly failed him sevenor Place. As is not unusual, the fog was artial, and the atmosphere in this more favored was comparatively clear. However, so sudden rest had sprung up within him as regarded Myra felt constrained to follow her, in hopes that hing might occur which would authorize him to diet her assistance. He had not the most remote annoying her, but his curiosity was aroused by ident independence, combined with so much and timidity.

some mysterious instinct caused Myra to She felt she was being followed. A shade ick. She left she was being followed. A shade projectment more than of anger passed over her she recognized him whom she now thought she prodently trusted. She drew down her veil, send her walk, trusting that her manner would adv indicate her wish for solitude. 'After all, aught, 'I have gone through it before; but I he was different.' And giving him no further t, she went rather sadly on.

che thought, 'I have gone through it before; but I fancied he was different.' And giving him no further thought, she went rather sadly on.

Arriving at those humbler houses which lie between their grander neighbors in Grovenor Phace and Victoria-it, she delayed a moment at a small flower shop, where she looked with longing eyes at the firegrant bunches of violets temptingly displayed in the window. The girl standing at the dear held one out to her.

Not to-night, Ellen. I cannot afford it, so don't tempt me. But, she added, stooping down and smiling, 'you do not charge for smelling them.'

She buried, her face in the violets for an instant, and then passed on into the next shop, a stationer's, where she had a few purchases to make.

Lord Wargrave, still following her, but at a discrest distance, had observed this little episode. As Myra disappeared in the stationer's he made a bound forward, hastily picked up the largest banch of violets he could flud, threw half-a-crown on the counter, and without waiting for change, took his stand outside the stationer's, from whence he could see Myra without being seen. Would he dare offer her these violets? She must be very poor to refuse herself so small a lax ury. What a pleasure to give them to her, and see her eyes light up with gratitude. But would they do so? They might, on the contrary, flash with resentment, and the passed on the counter, and see her eyes light up with gratitude. But would they do so?

contrary, flash with resentment, o offend her. cogitating, Myra reappeared, and and he would grieve to offend her.

While he was thus cogitating. Myra reappeared, and
Lord Wargraye finding himself face to face with her,
on the spur of the moment dropped the violes into her
little basket. He had no sconer done so than he repented. She drew back quickly and haughtily, for she
had no idea he was still following her.

'Pray accent them,' he said sourch.

had no idea he was still following her.

'Pray accept them,' he said eagerly. 'You seem so fond of flowers.' Their eyes met, his were deprecating, her stashed ominously. She took the violets out of her basket, and holding them out to him, said with quiet

dignity: I wanted flowers I had money to buy them

dignity;

"Had I wanted flowers I had money to buy them with; may I request you to follow me no further?"
And almost before she had done speaking, forgetful of her fears, she had crossed the street.

Lord Wargrave remained standing where she had left him, looking uncommonly foolish, violets in hand. His consolence told him that, after all, a young girl having confided herself to him in momentary fear of her lite, had given him no right either to follow her or offer her flowers. He had been betrayed by his Quixotic character into an error in judgment which, seeing the annoyance it had given, he bitterly repeated. Liberal in politics, he was conservative in the highest degree in all social relations of life. Lord Wargrave had never had the most passing filtration out of his own sphere. Brought up by a venual whom he both loved and respected, she had inspired him with a courteous respect for all womanhood, and a tender pity for those who, unprotected, have to face daily trial and temptation.

It therefore nettled him considerably that Myra should have so evidently looked upon his offer of the violets as an impertinence. After all, what was it to him if she was run over? 'Serve her right,' he said, under his breath, 'for being so suspicious.' But a softer feeling came over him as he thought how much this lovely girl must have encountered in her lonely walks to make her mistrustful. Anyhow, he would give her no further cause to think him intrustve. But one way home was as good as another. He was crigin ally walking for an appetite, not yet obtained. To go round by Westminster would lengthen his walk. It was not a pleasant evening to be out, certainly, but it was well to harden oneself. And he hated clubs, though the frest which had put a stop to hunting had filled them with his friends.
Having thus decided what to do, he pursued his way on the opposite eide to Myra; she could find no fault with that.

And yet she did, for as she welked rapidly on in bit.

And yet she did, for as she walked rapidly on in bit And yet she did, for as she walked rapidly on in bittericas of spirit, she cast a histy glance across the
street, and seeing him whom she now considered an
enemy, as she thought, still on her track, she sorrowfully wished she was middle-aged or ugly; it would
save her a great deal of bother. It was beginning to
snow again, and with a shiver, she wrapped her cloak
closer round her shapely figure.

Suddenly Myra was arrested by a wretched woman,
thinly-clud, with a baby in her arms, and an attenaated atom of humanity clinging to her ragged skirts.

Lydia, is that you'l exclaimed the girl. What a
night to bring those poor children out! You promised
not to do so again—

Ah, miss! what can I do! I dursn't leave them at

not to do so again—
'Ah, miss! what can I do! I dursn't leave them at home. He came home hast night worse than ever for the drink, and beat Jim dreadful bad whilst I was

the drink, and beat Jim dreadful bad whilst I was away.

Myra's eyes filled with tears of sympathy and compassion. Poor Lydia! yours is a sad case indeed! As she spoke she took out her purse, and gave the poor woman a little money. Her heart ached for the terrible poverty she so often encountered in her walks, and nowhere more than in the precincts of Westminster, where vice and poverty and hid out of sight by the grim, palatial mansions of Victoria-st. It was to aid this poor cresture that Myra had taken neither cab nor omnous that day, though she was dead tired.

While engaged with the unfortunate object of her charity, she had forgetten him who had aroused her indignation, but glancing across the street, she observed that he was watching her movements intently. For Lord Wargrave's interest had been renewed in the fair unknovn, so accomful, yet so dignified, by seeing her ministering to another's wants, out of what he felt must be a slender purse.

worked by what she thought impertinent persistence, Myra was selzed with a sudden inspiration, and stooping down to the miserable woman, she whispered hurriedly:

stooping down to the miserable woman, she whispered hurriedly:

'Lydia, you can do me a service. That gentleman, hastily indicating the offender with her eyes, 'has been following me for some time; I wish to get home with out his discovering where I live. Ge and speak to him: he is sure to give you something.'

Like most of the London poor, the woman was quickwitted, and also devoted to her kind protectress, and hastened to do her bidding.

Myra, whe was close to her own home, waited until she saw her enemy lending an attentive ear to the tale off misery which was being poured into it; then, thinking the moment propitious, she made one of her furious rushes to cross the street. The fog had again thickened, the snow and sleet beat against her face. She was numbed with the bitter cold, and in the yellow darkness the lamps gave a quivering uncertain light. When but half way across, a loud shouting startled her into sudden terror. Madly, rapidly, furiously urged on by its gallant men, a fire-engine was tearing round the corner of the very street whither her steps were directed, unheedful in its on-ward course of all obstacles in its way.

The heavillaced and tourified sixt maked back then.

on by its gallant men, a fire-cogine was tearing round the corner of the very street whither her steps were directed, untheefful in its onward course of all obstacles in its way.

The bewildered and terrified girl rushed back, then forward, then back again, and, finally, paralyzed with fear, stood perfectly still in the middle of the road, as though turned to stone. Nearer and nearer came the galloping herses; closer the shouts. Myra never moved. In vain Lord Wargrave and the affrighted Lydia called out to her; another moment, and her young life must have ended, had not Lord Wargrave, just as the horses' heads touched her shoulder, and at imminent risk to his own life, made a leap forward, and literally dragged her from under their feet.

On sped the engine to its mission of succer, while Myra, faint and bewildered, lay in the arms of him whom she had tried so hard to avoid. But she recovered herself quickly; she was not one to give way to hysterical emotion.

Hastily withdrawing from the supporting arm with which the voung man had encircled her, and looking him steadily in the face, her large eyes seeming larger from the pallor of her cheeks, she said, in the soft voice with which she had at first addressed him:

'I have to thank you for saving my life, but if I had been killed my death might have been attributed to you. Then she added, with infinite pathos: 'Why do you follow me! have you no mother, no sister, to make you, through them, respect other women, who, unprotected, have to make their own lives as best thay can? The tears were in hor eves, and her voice shook with emotion. Lord Wargrave was infinitely touched by her pathetic address.

'Forgive ms,' he exclaimed. 'And believe me when I say I had not the slightest intention of annoying you. I was actuated by the purest philanthropy; for having witnessed your fears, and aided you once, I thought I might be of use to you again in this horrible fog. And surely you will allow that I have been of some use, and in consideration say you forgive me if, unfaten

opening in the opposite street, down which Lydia, assured of her benefactress's safety, was wending her weary way, her wailing child after her.

Lord Wargrave felt the hidden sarcasan at the end of the young girl's speech, but was more than ever interested in her.

She shook her head.

'You will find plenty to guide you there, if you have the inclination to go. I must bid you good night; and believe me I am not suggrateful for what you have done

She turned hastily away; he followed her quickly holding out the violets. "Take these in token that I am

dding out the violets. 'Take these in token that I am ite forgiven' he pleaded. She hositated a moment, and then accepted them, with a slight smile and a faint blosh. 'I will take them, she said. 'And I trust to your honor not to fol-

them, she said. And I trust to your honor not to follow me.'

Another moment, and she had disappeared in the gloon and fog. Even it he had wished to follow, he would now have been at fault, but he had no such defire. She was henceforth acred to him. 'We shall meet again I am sure,' he thought, and hailing a passing cab, decired to be driven home. Appetite or no appetite, he had had enough of the fog, but it had left him plenty to think about. On reaching his luxurious roansion, the butter informed him, with reproachful solemnity, that the company had all arrived.

'By Jove' he exclained, 'I forgot there was anyone to dinner!'

Lord Wargrave had settled to dine early, and go with a chosen few to the play, of which fact his rencontre with Myra had made him perfectly oblivious. Making a hasty toilet, he descended to 'the dining room, having desired his sister not to wait. But his head was so full of the strange giff who had administered him such a downright betwee, that the fair and high bora dame by whom he sat, after a vain effort to engage him in conversation, gave up the attempt in despair, voting him more than manify dull and odd.

In the ananyhide, wet, tired and bungry, Myra reached her hamble lodging. The door was opened by a tidy, metherly-locking woman, who exclaimed with joy:

'Oh! my dear young lady, I am so glad to see you

In the headwant reached her hamble lodging. The door was opened by a tidy, metherly looking woman, who exclaimed with joy:

'Oh! my dear young lady, I am so glad to see you safe home. I feared some accident might have happened in this dreadful fog.

She took off the girl's wet waterproof as she spoke. Myra smiled and thanked her, and then wearly mounted to her little room at the top of the house. Here she found a good fire blazing, and toa prepared by the sole real friend she had—the owner of the house where she lodged. In this house her father and mother had both died within a few days of each other, from a malignant fever, caught in the discharge of duty. In dying they had recommended their child to Mrs. Morria's protection, and she had fulfilled the charge committed to her as far as lay in her power.

Myra's father had been curate of an obscure parish in London, and had married a young gir penniless as himself; for the aunt with whom she lived, a rich proud weman, and her enly relative, had cast her off on her marriage, and steadily refused all communication afterward. Forhaps had she known the untimely fate of Myra's parents, and the desperate desolation of the lovely girl, she might have been moved to compassion; but Mr. Graham was a gentleman, and proud also; he considered himself quite on a par with Mrs. Lethridge; and when his wife's third letter remained manawered, he sternly forbade her to write again. Thus she was ignerant even of Myra's existence; who was left to battle alone with this hard world, her only inheritance the bright example and pure toaching of her parents.

Under the auspices of her ciergyman, she was canbled to gain a slender subsistence by teaching, chiefly amongst the children of tradespeople. It was a sad life, and terriby leady, but she was a brave girl. And now, as she fiftted about her small room, she was smiling to herself as she thought she had not formed a wrong estimate of the young sean to whom she certainty owel her life.

Had Lord Warg ave seen the careful, almost tender

spent to alleviate the misery of those less happy than herself.

As also eat her solitary evening meal, her eyes constantly wandered to the violets. Suddenly she burst into a merry laugh, making the room receno with her mirtle. She was wondering where her courage had come from, to enable her to give so fine a gentleman such a downright lecture. How handsome he was, she thought; and though he had certainly saved her life, how little grateful or gracious she had been! Yes, sho was glad she had taken the violets, though for a moment she had regretted doing so. They would never meet again, and there was an end of the inatter.

So thinking, she cleared away her tea-things, put her violets close to her, and sat down to a diligent study of German. She looked forward to something better than

teaching the children of parents who were vulgar and exacting; often insolent. She had been two years at this work, and how weary she was no one knew but

II.

iving merriny? Now, my princess in disguise, off with that herrid

To her surprise Myra was trembling and pale, and

her agitation increased as, in 'a low voice, she asked hurriedly: 'Who was that gentleman at the window!' 'My brother, dear Myrn. It is odd you have never

without knowing him. He was very kind to me on that occasion; indeed, saved my life.

Lady Florence started, then pondered. She trusted the girl insplicitly, and as she offered no further explanation she would not force her condidence. The enigma must explain itself. The current of her thoughts was checked for the moment by a servant entering the room, saving someone wished to see her on business. Seeing that Myra looked pale and weary, she placed her tendedly in her armschair.

could forget them! For an instant they tooked at each other in silence, which was broken by Lord Wargrave saving in a low tone of aniszement:

So you are Miss Graham?

'I am,' she replied with quivering voice; 'but, believe me, until to day I had no idea you were Lord.

Wargrave,'
'I have the misfortune to be that individual; and I

extremes meet.

herself.

At II o'clock the logely girl, quite tired out, put her books away, and drawing a screen aside, which concenled her little bed, and having prayed for that protection she so sorely needed, she sought her hard-

As she laid her lovely head on the pillow, Lord War-grave was entering the Turf Club. Truly had Myra-said: 'We have nothing in common.' Yet sometimes

von, we have crossed each other's path, I have ofte onged to stay your footsteps, and tell you that there is scarcely a night I have not remembered you in my prayers. So you see I am not so ungrateful as I perhaps appeared."

Lord Wargrave approached her engerly. His ardor had been considerably cooled by her quiel reception of his undisquised pleasure at meeting her agala; now a radiant smile lit up his face as he said:

'If at an stered a moment you could have given me a thought, however low cour estimation of me may have been, it must have undergone some softening change, and I may hope you will second me a hittle of that confidence and friendship which my sister enjoys.

'My friendship can be of hittle value to anyone,' replied peor Myra humbly, 'but I owe much to your sister. She has made dife, that was to me unspeakably dark and lonely, simost bright and happy.'

At this juncture the door opened, and Lady Florence recentered the roota. A slight shade of suspicion passed over her face, but it quickly cleared away as her brother said frankly and joyously:

'Florence, Miss Graham and I have discovered we are old acquaintances. You shall have a version of how and when we met from both of us.' And, his face beaming with delight, he left the room. Slowly descending the stairs, he whispered to himself! 'Found at last, and to be lost no more. But how am I to get out of that confounded trip to Norway?

Ten days have elapsed, and Lord Wargrave, chafing in spirit, is still in London, dragging out the last week of the expiring season. He has not yet solved the problem, how to get out of the confounded trip to Norway.'

Ten days have elapsed, and Lord Wargrave, chafing in spirit, is still in London, dragging out the last week of the expiring season. He has not yet solved the problem, how to get out of the confounded trip to Norway. London, always hot and stuffy at the end of July, is unnusually so this year; and as he creeps slowly up Piccadilly, under the face be laze of a scorching and. he thinks what enchaument it w Several months have clapsed, and Lord Wargrave has not again met that lovely girl whose soft voice and dignified manner have made an indelfole impression mon his mind. True, he had left London a few days after his encounter with her, but both before his departure and since his return for the season, he has made diligent search for her in every street of Westminster, even plunging, as his fair mentor had recommended, into its darkest purilieus. But he had discovered no trace of her who has quickened within him this spirit of philanthropy. Myra was apparently lost to him forever. of parasitropy. Styra was apparently test to have forever.

It was on one of the Intiest days of an exceptionally hot summer, that Lord Wargrave and his sister were sitting in the dining-room of their house in Grosvenor Square. He was slowly eating his breakfast, which she had long finished Lady Florence had given up the gay world for some years, but she loved to sit, work in bands, by her brother's side and listen to the account of his evening's amasement.

'How did you enjoy your ball last night?' she now asked him, still busily plying her needle.

Her brother replied with a yawn. 'I will answer in three words, sister mine: bored, bored, bored?'

'Why are you always bored now?' she demanded, gravely. 'Why are you always bored now!' she demanded, gravely.

'Why! because I am ever doomed to witness the same inane folly, to hear the same jingling music, to listen to the same idiotic remarks, to gaze at the same three everlasting professional leanties, with the same three stupid boobies ever in attendance on them, a host of minor boobies hovering in ill-concealed envy in the distance. Then, night after night, to see the same bevy of undignified married women, capering as though their lives and reputations depended on the number of their partners.—Oh! I am sick of the whole thing.'

'Ah! my dear brother, I fear you are growing eynical,' observed his sister, with a sigh. 'How I wish you would marry.'

would marry.'
'Marry,' he exclaimed, getting up and walking to the window. 'Thank you. Fle! To have the pleasure, after a few menths of wedded bliss, of seeing my wife devoted to everybody and everything, except her hus-

after a few menths of wedned ones, or seeing my method and home. Having said this with much bitterness, he continued in a more subdued tone: Do you know, Flo, I have never seen but one woman who gave me any inclination to take upon myself the thraidom of matrimony, and I don't fancy you would care to call that woman sister. And yet—'he hesitated, and again looking out of the window, said reflectively—'I think I must tell you of an adventure I had last winter—Why. Flo?' he exclaimed, suddenly breaking off in his revelation: 'You have not turned Romanist, have you?'

A tall woman, in the garb of a Sister of Mercy, had passed and rong the visitors bell. On perceiving Lord Wargrave, she started violectly, but her face was completely concealed by her bonnet and long black vell. At her brother's exclamation, his sister looked up. 'Oh': that is the Miss Graham I spoke to you about,' she said quietly. 'She comes here to tell me how the mission work goes on, and we have become great friends.

'Well, Flo, if you are great friends, can't you induce here to be the dear with the passe like ordinary neople! I never

dear fellow! I shall give the whole thing up and return at once to Waltham. Enchanting at this time of year! You must run down and pay us a visit after the funeral.

Colonel Mordaunt, who had no idea he held so high a place in his friend's esteem, was puzzled, but he was accustomed to Wargrave's eccentricities, and too much pre-occupied with his own affairs to care to solve the puzzle at that moment. At their club the friends parted, the Colonel to write letters, Lord Wargrave to prepare for immediate departure to Waltham. He had just time to catch the last train.

At Waltham, Lady Florence and her young friend were settled. But Florence, fifteen years older than her brother, was practical and far-seeing. Previous to leaving London, she had discovered that Myra's grandaunt still lived. She had an interview with her, and that stern and proud old lady, who heard for the first time of the girl's existence, softened by age, and touched by the account of her lonely life, promised Myra a home if she chose to apply for it. Florence was satisfied and formed her plan of action.

For Myra herself, a new world had opened. As she sat in unaccustomed idleness under the fragrant lime trees, in the glorious evening light, gazing at the silvery Thames winding through its luxuriant valley, the fields ripening to harvest, their gelden bue contrasting with the melting blue of the distant perspective, seen for miles from the vantage ground where she was placed, she realized for the first time that there is a poetic side to life, and that the actual fact of existence can be rapture. With her usual unselfishness, she longed that some of her poor friends out of the courts and alleys of Westminster could share her happiness, and unconsciously exclaimed aloud:

'Oh if I were but rich!

What would you do in that case! asked a voice, close to her. She started. Lord Wargrave stood before her. 'I hope you are quite strong now,' he said calmly.' You seem to appreciate my lovely view, but I hardly thought it would inaptre so mercenary a wish mission work goes on, and we have become great friends.

Well, Flo, if you are great friends, can't you induce her to dress a little more like ordinary people! I never saw such a guy. I hope she is not a wolf in sheep's clothing, striving to convert you to Popery.

Lady Florence laughed.

'I don't see how my friend's dress can matter to you,' she replied. 'And as regards Popery, set your mind at rest. Miss Graham is not Rimalistic, or even High Church.' Rising as she spoke, she laid her hand lovingly on her brother's shoulder, adding: 'Wargrave, I have asked Miss Graham to stay with me at Walthsm, while you are in Norway. You have no objection!'

'None in life, dearest; but as you choose her for such close companionship, she is of course a lady, and you know all about her.

'Yes, the clergyman who introduced her to me has

question. 'Quite impossible to get there this year, he re-ponded drily.

She did not ask why, and all further conversation be-ween them was arrested by the appearance of Lady Viorence, and there was an expression of vexation on her face as she observed, they had better come in, for t was close upon diagrating.

'None in life, dearest; but as you come of some companionship, she is of course a lady, and you know all about her.

'Yes, the clergyman who introduced her to me has known her from childhood. In mind and manner she is a lady, and by birth also, but hers has been a sad life; she needs a little sunshine.'

'Then, Flo, you are doing—as you always do—that which is right and kind.'

He spoke absently, as if matters did not much concern him, and his siter left the room. He remained at the window, gazing gloomily out. In thought he was calling up the vision of that fair girl, casually met months ago, yet unforgotten, and whom he had given up hope of seeing again. To try and obliterate this mournful foreboding, and having nothing to do, he slowly lit a cigar, saying in sad soliloquy: 'Poor girl! I should like her to know I am not the impertinent puppy I fear she believed me to be, though I saved her life. How unlike she was to the conventional young ladies one meets in a ball-room. Ah! if she only knew how she has influenced my life:

We know that while these mournful regrets were occupying lord Wargiave's mind, as regarded Miss Graham, she was actually under his roof. She had recognized him at once as she passed the window, and now, breathless and agitated, had reached Lady Florence's sitting-room. As the latter came in she kissed her, saving merrily:

'Now, my princess in disguise, off with that herrid her faces as she observed, 'they had better come in, for it was close upon dinner-time.

That evening Myra was silent and grave; Lord War-grave talkative and joyous. At an early hour she re-tired, thinking that brother and sister might wish to be alone. 'I am unsecustomed to idences, and I believe it wearies me, she softly said, as she left the room. As soon as the door 'a closed, Florence looked gravely and keenly at he br ther.

gravely and keenly at he. br ther.

'Why have you given ap your Norway trip?' she asked. He colored slightly as he replied:

'The fates were against it, and in favor of my studying your sweet friend's character. Don't look so alarmed, Flo; I am not in love yet, but deeply interested. As for Miss Graham, I have no reason for ere. But, she added, net Wargrave before!' For a moment Myra hesitated, and then with a quiver For a moment Myra hesitated, and then with a quiver but. ace, tempered with a small mesone agitation, Florence, he continued, with some agitation, who know and love this girl must acknowledge he is the most lovable and interesting creature

on have ever seen.

'What I think is not of much consequence, my dear
when they have you considered what the world will
as when they hear you have taken for your wife one
chom a chance encounter in the streets has thrown

whom a chance encounter in the streets has thrown across your path?

Bother the world, laconically put in his lordship. His sister, with a faint scale, continued: 'Do not mistake, Wangrave: I like and an deeply interested in Myra: but be guided by me in this matter. If you have really and truly fallen in love with her, and have serious thoughts of making her your wife, you must carry on the study of her character under another roof

seeing that Myra looked pale and weary, she placed her tenderly in her arm-chair.

Rest yeurself while I am away, she said; 'you have had a weary walk,' And klasing her with almost a mother's love, left the room.

Alone, the young girl allowed her bewildered head to fall back on its luxurious support, and strove to gather her scattered wits together. For months she had been endeavoring to avoid this man under whom roof she

earry on the study of her character under another roof than your own."

'Where in the name of creation is that roof to be found, Florence; for it strikes me that Miss Graham has none, irritably responded her brother.

It was now that Lady Florence divalged the existence of Myra's aunt, and the fact that she had promised to receive her. Truth to say, with a remanic reeling hardly to be suspected at her age, almost from the first day she had known Myra, it had flashed across her mind again and again, what a perfect wife this pure and lovely girl, so unspelled by the world, would make her fastidious and noble-minded brother. And if she had rejected the idea as inconsistent, absurd, improbable, altogether a freak of the imagination, it was only to have it recur to her on the next occasion with greater force than ever. It would come, in spite of herself; and, as it came, it presently grow almost into a hope. her scattered wits together. For months he had been endeavoring to avoid this mun under whose roof she new found herself. Often she had been close to him unrecognized, for her dress was a complete disguise. The pulses of her heart had always quickened at these chance encounters, and had bounded with pure delight at meeting him more than once in those haunts of wretchedness, whither she had advised him to wend his steps, and where her vocation as a Sister of Mercy led her dally. For this was the life Myra had undertaken, by advice of her elergyman, who paid her a small stipend. Her lovely face, which had been a torment and hindrance to her in the rich and prosperous parts of the great city, was a help to her amongst the poor and wretched, who, in their sal lives, divested of all color and beauty, often appreciate what is lovely and graceful. of the great city, was a help to her amongst he poor and wretched, who, in their sad lives, divested of all color and beauty, often appreciate what is lovely and graceful.

As the young girl now reclined in pleasant idleness, and thought in whose house she was, she fervently hoped they might never meet. And yet it would be pleasant to exchange a few kind words with him who had saved her life; she had shown so little gratitude, had been so proud and hard. Should she tell the whole story of her chance meeting to Lady Florence! Yes, this would be best.

As Myra thus resolved, a gentle feeling of repose stole over her. She was unused to easy chairs, and what with the extreme heat and fatigue, her brain became confused, the breeze from the open window carrying with it the scent of mignomette, and the distant rumble of the carriages, seemed to inflit her deadening faculties. Her becautiful head, with its masses of auburn hair, drooped to one side on a supporting cushion, her eves closed. After one or two efforts to keep herself awake, her slightly parted lips and regular breathing proved that slumber had taken complete possession of our heroine, oblivious that her destiny was working toward its secomplishment.

For Lord Wargrave, having received a letter which required his sister's advice in answering, was mounting the stairs in haste. He discreetly knocked at the door, without intention of entering: he had no wish to encounter the Guy, as he termed his sister's friend. He ceiving no answer, and surprised at the sillness within, he stealthily entered and placing the letter on the table, said in a low voice:

Empty, I declare. I wonder what she has done with the Guy, for there's her hideous bennet.'

Looking up for the first time, he observed the sleeping girl, and started. Myra's figure was perfect, and in her close-fitting black dress, as she lay in complete repose, it was displayed to the greatest advantage.

Lord Wargrave approached cautiously, and gazed at her in astounded admiration. As he gazed his heart beat f

herself; and, as it came, it presently grow almost into a hope.

When she had fully unfolded her carefully prepared tactics, to the details of which her brother had lent breathless attention, he started from his chair, and, looking at his sister with comic astonishment, exclaimed: 'Florence, you are that one woman in a thousand, whom Solomon, with all his wisdom, falled to find. Most generous of sisters, henceforth I shall ever be guided by you; but I demand one week, wherein, floating on the glorious old Thames, I may begin that study I have so much at heart.'

His sister shock her head. 'I mistrust you, Wargrave,' but kissing him fonelly, she added: 'We will sheep over cur little plot, and see how morning's light may help us to untie the Gordian knot.'

And when that marrow come, the plans so ingentously made by Lady Florence were frustrated, by fluding her young friend seriously ill. On getting out of bed she had fainted.

bed she had fainted.

Poor Myra! It was the beginning of a long and tedious illness. The doctor spoke of nervous exhaustion and ever work: recommended rest, large rooms, generous diet, all to be had where she was, and where it is needless to say she remained. Days grew into weeks, and Miss Graham was still at Waltham, and as, in her slow convalescence, she lay in her host's terraced garden, he had ample time for the study of her character: a sweet study which fully regaid him.

With what attention he listened to her advice and suggestions, as he unfolded to her his plans for the amelioration of that class among whom her young life.

single-strons, as he introduce to her his plant for the amelioration of that class among whom her young life had been spent: Even if she had wished to escape from his never-varying care and attentions, how could she, chained as she was by languar and weakness to her sofat But did she wish it! She desired to do so, but alas! she knew now that she loved him, and trembied.

more complete mastery over her rebelling heart. Her duty lay plainly marked out before her. Summer was rapidly mellowing into autumn; she must not delay; nor would she make any excuse to herself for so doing. And one moraling as she and Florence sat together, she expressed, with many thanks for all the kindness which she had received, her determination of returning

the young girl, in whom she took an almost moth later st, would get when restored to licaltic temptation to which she had been exposed by temptation to which she had been exposed by her brother's open admiration and attentions, at a time when she had no means of evading them, she knew had been fierce; and Florence's heart bounded with unselfs h satisfaction at the assurance, given by Myra horself, that she was not mistaken in the estimate she had formed of her character. But if Myra hadsany hopos that she would negative her resolution of so speedy a departure, she was disappointed. Kissing her lightly on the forenced, Florence simply said;

'Your determination is quite right, dear, but we shall be very sorry to be you.

That afternoom, sad and resiless, Myra stells down to a favorite spot to think in silonce and soliting of happy levers presend, to be replaced by toll and loneliness. Her spirit did not shrink from the work that hay before her. She leved the post. Their sorrows and cares

proached herself notwithstanding her illiness for all the inxury in which she had been fiving during the last two months. But still she monined over the love and

beauty of the life she had determined to quit, and felt an acute pang of grief at the careless case with which Florence had taken the announcement of her depart-ure. Would it be the same with her host? A few tears stole down her cheeks at such a possibility, and

tears stole down her cheeks at such a possibility, and as the sad thought took still deeper possession of her mind, she covered her face with her hands and wept in lent bitterness of spirit.
Unnoticed, Lord Wargrave approached, and, stand-ag beside the wesping girl, watched her in momentary dence. Then, seeing that her tears continued to flow,

dence. Then, seeing that her tears continued to flow, e said in an agitated voice:

'Why do you weep, Miss Graham! Can I hope that on are grieved even a fittle at leaving Waltham! Myrn looked up, hastily brashing away her tears; it us vain to try and conceal them.

'How could I but grieve at leaving those who have wonderfully need to me!' she answered sadly.

'How could I but grieve at leaving those who have been so wonderfully good to me I' she answered sadly. 'I who have known so little of this world's kindness!' But 'unconsciously she repeated the world spoken to him long ago. 'I am but a poor worker in this world, and I must fulfil my destiny.' 'And how about those crossings which cause you so much terror I' He half smiled as he spoke. 'I must learn to conquer those foolish fears,' she replied firmly.

ed firmly.
But not alone, sweet Myra, he exclaimed. 'Let me But it involved assuming an atti-

be your guide over all life's crossings. However they may be fraught with danger-as, alas! all life's crossings often are, if you will accept my love and guidance, I will strive to lead you safely over them all. And when that may not be, we will share the danger tagether.

ogether.'

For a moment she neither spoke nor moved. Then
he turned and looked at him, all the long, suppressed
ove of her heart beaming forth from her eyes. But the only word she uttered was—' Florence ?'
'She sent me to you!' he said, rapturously clasping her in his arms.—|The Argosy.

ART, NEWS AND COMMENTS. THE WEEK IN ART CIRCLES.

-NEW PICTURES HERE AND OUT OF TOWN.

The sales at the Academy exhibition amounted last evening to \$28,000 in round numbers. The pictures sold during the past week for \$75 and over are: "Hookey," J. H. Witt, \$2,000: "The Wounded Playfellow," J. G. Brown, \$1,650: "An Amateur," Leon Moran, \$250: "Turned Away," H. Schuchardt, Jr., \$350: "Twilight," D. W. Tryon, \$200; "The Watergate," Mrs. L. Hoibrook, \$75; ."A Meadow Brook," C. H. Eaton, \$150; "The Waving Grain," Edward Gay, \$350; "Fishing Boats," C. T. Chapman, \$150; and "Ruffled Grouse," Miss J. L.

From 150 to 200 people have visited the In-ness Exhibition daily during the past week. Among the pictures sold, in addition to those already mentioned,

The eighth loan exhibition of the Metropolitan Museum f Art closed on Tuesday. When the summer loan exhi copies of old masters will be replaced by foreign and American pictures leaned by well-known collectors of this city and Brooklyn. A recent gift to the Museum the Elkington reproductions of [metal work in the Her mitage Museum, will also be on exhibition. These reproductions were fully described in The Tribune a few ceks since. The last gift to the Museum, the collection of 1,200 articles presented by an American residing abroad, will probably not be placed on view at once, for lack of adequate facilities.

Mr. Charles H. Miller opened his studio at No. 108 West Twenty-third-st. on Monday and Tuesday afternoon for a private view of his "Ntagara from the Canadian Shore." Mr. Miller exhibited also, "After the Storm, L. I.," "Grey Day, "lishing," "Sunset, Springfield, Mass.," "At the Head of Little Neck Bay," "Autumn," "The Wood Gatherers," and one or two water-colors and drawings in sepia and India ink.

emy will meet to award by ballot the Clarke and Hallgarten prizes. There appears to be some uncertainty as to the exact construction of the phrase "figure composition," and it has been wisely suggested that Mr. Clarke should decide any questions that may arise in regard to the prize which he has offered.

Lorizoits of theatrical favorites are becoming features f studio and public exhibitions. To say nothing of Mr. Alexander's portrait of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Millet's portraft and Mr. Hartley's bust of Lawrence Barrett, which have been sent to England, it may be noted that Mr. Frank Fowler has placed on view in his studio a full-length portrait of Madame Modjeska, and Mr. Charles F. Naegele recently held a private view of his three-quarter length portrait of John McCullough.

An interesting example of below has been lately placed on view at the art rooms of Schaus & Co. This is a study of a single figure, a French soldier of the seventeenth century, the costume offering abundant opportunities for rich coloring and nervous, telling brush work. Although not an "important" pleture, it has a value as illustrating the methods of the artist. Near it is a little gray marine, low in tone, signed by Daubiguy

Mr. Avery's gallery shows some curious features in the presence of two bewildering decorative panels by Mussill, and an "impossible" pertrait by J. H. Lazarus. There is a little painting by Mr. Veilder ners, a scene in the Pomon Campagna, very rich in coloring, and there is

As was indicated in its annual report, to which refer orative Art stands in need of funds for the broadening f its usefulness, and especially for the thorough prose curion of the plan for education in the industrial arts at the imission schools. Encouraged by the success of the Eartholdi Pedestal Fund exhibition, the managers of this society propose to hold a loan exhibition at the Academy in January next. It is their intention to make this exhibition a great advance upon those bold by the society in 1878 and 79, and, if possible, the finest ever

It is announced in The Studio that Mr. J. C. Van Dyke its editor, retires from the paper for business reasons Under Mr. Van Dyke's management The Studio has main tained an attitude of independence, and presented it caders with much matter of interest and value.

The memorial exhibition of paintings by the late George Fuller will be opened at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts on Thursday next.

Pictures intended for the exhibition of the Syracu Art Club will be collected during this week. To morrow will be the last day for sending lists to Mr. H. W Ranger, No. 237 Fourth-ave. The first exhibition of the Minucapolis Artists' Club will be opened on Tuesday.

M. Bastien Lepage, whose "Joan of Are " attracted s dangerously ill with cancer of the stomach, and it is said that his life is despaired of. If this report be true, it will prove sad news to art lovers here as well as in Paris, fo M. Lepage, through his paintings and his association with our younger artists, has gained a distinguished American reputation. In January last he was expected to come to this city and to paint some portraits while sharing the studio of Mr. J. Alden Weir. M. Lepage's "Rustle Courtship," which draw forth much entimetastic praise at the last Salou, is now on exhibition in London Of this picture The London Globe says: "It represents

An article in Galignani upon the so-called Interna-An article in Galignoni upon the so-called Interna-tional Exhibition really an exhibition of Frencia Art, dely opening in the gallery of M. George Petit, at Paria, outsins the following: "It may be sately suit-int M. Lepone's works will attract to largest hare of attention. They are seven in number, and are remarkably descriptive of the various tages of art through which this highly original, but beening, painter has passed. 'Amour hase there are an which can hardly be too highly rated. The first of case is a weedland scene, with an aid man in the for-round, stooping mader the weight of a bundle of stacks. hose is a woodland scene, with an aid man in the foreground, stooping under the weight of a bundle of stocks. M. Lepage painted a somewhat similar subject that was whibited in a recent Salon, but we prefer the one now to escen in the Rue de see. M. Lepage generally sacifies his landscape to his flavres, but in this instance he randscape is truitingly painted. Two perivative by M. cepage figure on the list of his contributions. One is hat of Mine. Prouct, the lady who did the honors of flotter Hugo's forme until not many mountle since. It ould not have been painted long before her death, for we here so the beautiful actress of former days, in describing whom Theophile Gautier could not flux words sufficiently enthusiastic, an old lady with white hair. The ace, however, is still beautiful, and if has been painted rith an art that will compare with the best examples of ortraiture.

A London correspondent of The Manchester (Ung.) mardiam writees: "Apropor of Miss Mary Andersen's Insection of putting on the stage next autumn Romee and inhet according to the pictures of Vittore tarpaceta, it on are to inform you that the bian was first suggested in the department of prints and drawings at the British Misseum. The magnificent series of pictures in the Academia, Venice, was painted in 1400 for the thepic of the Sonola di Sant Orsola. They represent the history of the Sonola di Sant Orsola. They represent the history of the Sonola di Sant Orsola. They represent the history of the Sonola di Sant Orsola. They represent the history of the Sonola di Sant Orsola. They represent the history of the Sonola di Sant Orsola. They represent the history of the lively dramatic feeling with which the story is tolar render this series one of the most increasing canopies of early Venetian art. Zanetti says the Carpacelo used to go to the Chapo of St. Ursula and conceal himself to observe the effect which there pletures produced on the minds of the people as expressed in their countenances. In reference to the bestchamber the Venetian historian remarks: 'I myself centid hardly turn away my eyes from that charming figure of the saint, where, asheep on her coule-all grace, party, and insortence, she seems, by the expression of her beautiful features, to be visited by dramas from paralles.' A rolume of old engravajnes from this series is in the British Missenin, from which the Hop, Lewis Wingdeld will make his designs for the costumes and scenery."

LEOPOLD OF ALBANY.

INCIDENTS OF HIS DEATH AND FUNERAL. FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.] PARIS, April 4.

The day before yesterday the remains of

the late Duke of Albany reached England, and the interest with which the Parisian papers have been read will be transferred to those of London, describing the ceremony at Windsor. The painful facts connected with his death are not yet exactly known in England. From motives of kindness and regard for the Royal family, they have been kept back. The Duke of Albany had chosen a line of work for which his mental endowments in some respects well fitted him and in which he had for a stimulus and guide the example of his illustrious father. Abandoning a political and military career he sought to direct the moral and artistic sentiment of the Nation. The ambition was a noble one, tude, or posture, in doing which was helped by his natural infirmities. Nevertheless there were times when this attitude hampered liberty and therefore became a bore. This was particularly the case in the south of France where he was away from the virtuous part of the English public and beyond the range of his mother's and his wife's influence. He went avowedly to Cannes (after he had been going on a round of visits to provincial towns and great country houses) to recruit his strength. The Duke found so much enjoyment. in relaxation from a life of relative austerity that after a week of routs, parties and excitement of all sorts he persuaded himself that he had become strong and found no one of those around him to contradict the idea. The Duc de Morny, who was a good deal with him, said that he looked as if he wanted to make up for lost time, he plunged with such headlong force into the pleasures which the idis and fashionable Englishmen who winter at the Riviera most appreciate. It is painful to think that if a warning voice had been raised to tell the piain truth, his poor young wife would not now be a widow. He must have died young, or lost his mind young, for he was of an epileptic babit. But it is to be regretted that his existence was not spared two or three mouths longer.

It seems that the Comte de Paris was the only one of his friends who was not struck with wilful blindness, and candidly told the Duke that he looked very much fatigued and nuwell. The latter, his own opinion confirmed by all those around him, could not believe it and postpoued his departure till it was a day too late. It had been predicted that the Duke would die of a fall. He had had many " falls," one of which happened when he was with the Queen at Mentone just before his marriage. Her Majesty's lieges wondered how an accident which appeared so trivial should have been treated as a very grave affair in the Court Circular. They did not know that it was due to an attack of fallingsickness or epilepsy, to which malady the French doctors at Cannes certified that he owed his death.

There is a circumstance connected with that event which is very shocking, but which now that cremation is one of the questions of the day ought not to be passed by unheeded. It is a circumstance which is in itself a strong argument in favor of the crematory system, and it is to be regretted that it was wilfully expurgated by London editors from the telegrams of their French correspondents. So rapid was the decomposition of the late Royal Duke's body, an so active its fermentation, that a hole had to be made in the leaden coffin and a short metal tube inserted therein. To this was affixed an India-rubber tube, which was carried far into the garden of the villa Nevada. The railway officials whose duty it was to look into the coffin when the remains were being dentified by Dr. Boyle, the Prince of Wales and Lord Lyons, became quite prostrated, owing to the horror of the sight, and one of them is seriously unwell.

At Paris those who saw the Prince of Wales were impressed with his really dignified and unaffected bearing as he returned home with his dead brother's remains. He met Lord Lyons and the rest of the British Embassy at the Paris-Lyons terminus. His greeting to them was perfectly simple and so far from being overwhelmed with a selfasserting grief he quietly and calmly performed every social and other duty. After the corpse had been identified he shook hands with the railway officials, telling them what to do.

The attitude of the Comte de Paris in visiting the Prince of Wales at the British Embassy reminded me of Chesterfield's letter to his son, in which he tells him how an awkward fellow comes into a room. He ordered the driver of his low open carriage to pull up a few doors off, while the ther visitors drove into the court-yard. "Moneigneur," as the Royalists now call the head of the Orleans family, is extremely tall and is picking up flesh, which makes his awkwardly-built figure lumbering. When he was out of the carriago he rather trotted, with his head down, than walked into the Embassy. The legs appeared to get entangled with each other. One moment the left shoulder was thrust forward, and another moment the right. In taking his eard case out of his pocket and opening it the contents thereof tumbled on the flagged-way up to the hall door. They were very small, unobtrasive cards with the words "Comte de Paris" printed on them in lithograph type. One of them was blown over to near where I was and picked up by a lady standing next to me. When the Comie was on the steps he ascended with pre-cipitation and nearly fell. He then gave a card to a servant and rushed after him when the valet disappeared. The interview with the Prince of Wales was not a long one, and the face of the visitor in coming out was crimson and expressed mortified

I believe it had been understood that he was to go to the funeral and to give the Queen an account of some conversation that he had had with Leopoid. But the gods at Downing Street decided otherwise, and he was given to understand as much in the politest terms. All his partisans had thought the occasion would be an excellent one for him to parade himself, and I dare say his wife pushed him on to attach himself to English royalty.

His head was down very low as he made his way back in haste to the carriage, and in telling the coachman where to go he spoke almost into his ear. Since the Comte de Chambord's death he has acquired a slouching air, which is to be accounted for by his presolute character, incapacity to dissemble well, and consciousness that he is a to dissemble well, and consciousness that he is a Pretaider in a very equivocal position. The Comte de Paris was in a short black frock coat, had crape on his hat and wore let shirt-stads. He new shaves of all the beard except that on the point of the chin and the upper lip. This does not improve his appearance, as, while resembling his mother's family in the eyes and noise, he has the pear-shaped cheeks of Louis Philippe and that monarch's curtously shaped forebead, which resembles the side of a tail truncated pyramid. His complexion is fresh, but it does not give the idea of strong health, and the shoulders are quite round and the chest hollow.

The Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt arrived The Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt arrived shortly after the Prince of Wales from a hotel, in a covered carriage which had a monring-roach aspect. He is the widower of the late Princess Alice of England, and manly and prepossessing. There is a good deal of quiet firmness of character expressed in his face, and I should say that he is mitalligent. He is military looking without pipe-clay stiffness, has a short light-brown beard and mustaches, and the straight Hohenzollern brows, which he inherits from his mother—a Praissian princess.

taches, and the straight Hohenzellerh brows, which he inherits from his mother—a Prussian princess.

There is still another circumstance to record which the London Press did not dare to publish. The Puke of Albany, not satisfied with what the Parliament and Queen gave him showed a sudden taste—indeed a passion—for gambling when he was at Cannes. The tables at Monsco exercised nothing short of a fascinating power on his mind, some of the screws of which, perhaps epilepsy had loosened. He imagined that he had discovered a combination of figures which, would enable him to beat the bank, and went time after time to test his skill in arithmetical computation. He did not believe in his luck. Indeed he had, poor follow, a sottled notion that he was unineky. But modesty was not one of his numerous virtues, and he prided himself on being adopt in figures, as well as a political economist, musician, painter, orator and chose and whist player. He staked, it appears, considerable sums and iost them. The day before he died, after he had stayed up dancing until 6 of clock, he was off to Monacco at half-past 11 and came back at harf-past 6. Ferfect equality reigns there. The gambling tables were crowded and the rooms het and dusty. Leopeld was greatly excited at new winning and now losing, with a heavy final ioss.